

the Epithet Romantic.

in which they lie ? What Marraton* shall explore the un« known way to it ? The man who would not, as part of the price of the discovery, be glad to close up all the transatlantic mines, would deserve to be immured as the last victim of those deadly caverns."

But each projecting visionary thinks the discovery is made ; and while surveying his own great magazine of expedients, consisting of Fortunatus's cap, the philosopher's stone, Aladdin's lamp, and other equally efficient articles, he is confident that the work may speedily be done. These powerful instruments of melioration perhaps lose their individual names under the general denomination of Philosophy, a term that would be venerable, if it could be rescued from the misfortune of being hackneyed into cant, and from serving the impiety which substitutes human ability to divine power. But it is of little consequence what denomination the projectors assume to themselves or their schemes; it is by their fruits that we shall know them. Their work is before them ; the scene of moral disorder presents to them the plagues which they are to stop, the mountain which they are to remove, the torrent which they are to divert, the desert which they are to clothe in verdure and bloom. Let them make their experiment, and add each his page to the humiliating records in which experience contemns the folly of elated imagination.!

* Spectator, 3STo, 56.

f In reading lately some part of a tolerably well-written book published a few years since, I came to the following passage, which though in connexion indeed with the subject of *elections*, expresses the author's general opinion of the state of society, and of the means of exalting it to wisdom and virtue. *^r "The bulk of the community begin to examine, to feel, to understand, their rights and duties. *They only require the fostering care of the Philosopher to ripen them into complete rationality*, and furnish them with the requisites of political and moral action." Here I paused in wondering mood. The fostering care of the Philosopher ! Why then is not the Philosopher about his business ? Why does he not go and indoctrinate a company of peasants in the intervals of a ploughing or a harvest day, when he will find them far more eager for his instructions than for drink ? Why does he not introduce himself among a circle of farmers, who cannot fail, as he enters, to be very judiciously discussing, with the aid of their punch and their pipes, the most refined questions respecting their rights and duties, and wanting but exactly *his* aid, instead of *more* punch and tobacco, to possess themselves completely of the Requisites of political and moral action ? The populace of a manufactory is another most promising seminary, where all the moral and intellectual endowments